Adverse Effects on Our Health

When I first became aware of the fact that the overflights and sonic booms had a bad effect on our health, I don't know for sure. I do know that in about 1958 or 1959 I suddenly became aware of the constant ringing in my ears that has continued since and that I apparently will continue to have as long as I live. Doctor Allbright described it as a kind of nerve deafness and predicted there will be gradual deterioration in my hearing from it. The records at Group Health Association will reveal an audio test I believe he ordered.

At approximately that time I began to be aware of a constant feeling of fatigue, sometimes with a feeling of oppression. Recently, in the course of going over our papers, I found a note on a scrap of paper filed incorrectly under the subject "test figures". It apparently is a list of things I wanted to take up with the doctor when I saw him that inadvertently got into that file. The period of that file was 1958-1959. This list includes: fatigue easily; weight on diaphragm; shortness breath; jaw and speech; ringing ears. Prior to the use of the helicopters, as I have shown above, I was capable of and enjoyed great physical exertion and physical labor, both unskilled and what might be termed skilled. Dr. Allbright has since then gone over his notes (on the occasion of his referral to Dr. Casey and after Dr. Allbright had become the GHA urological specialist) and he has a record of this in my medical file with his opinion that it came from our tensions and his prescription of meprobamate. On this occasion (and I believe I made a note of it) he recalled the rather good health I always enjoyed, and he remembered the unusual apparent allergy I once developed to moldy hay and the fact that I kept on working when he told me I'd be able to go back to work in three weeks or so when he thought I had mononucleosis. I never missed a day with it, although my activity was very considerably curtailed.

As a matter of fact, I never once missed a delivery day, regardless o
of weather or health. There were times when I made my deliveries on crutches;
when I had to lift my legs to operate the controls on the car and truck with
my hands and arms, but I made them all and completed them all. Only once was
I driven home, and that was on an occasion when Dr. Vouvalis had put drops
in my eyes in connection with tests being made by Dr. Ralph and an assistant
whose name as I now recall was Shockter (and he also prescribed nephrenalin
and gave me a sample of Equanil).

In short, I had enjoyed unusually good health, had considerable
stamina and endurance and was active and alert. In all the years until the
last, I was without an auto accident, save one in which on Wyoming Ave, nw
I was forced by an oncoming large truck so far to my right that I grazed a
parked car.

To a large degree, the same was true of Lil. When she went back to
work to help finish the house and help with the construction of the plant,
there were times when she worked until midnight, having left here on the 2:25 a.m.
early bus. For a long time when I was hauling Edgar Bundette she did this
on Friday nights. More often she worked until the next to the last bus,
getting home after nine, and always the next day (except Saturdays) catching
the early bus to Washington.

I believe in her case the beginning of the change for the worse, or
more precisely, the beginning of ill health, can be traced to the advice Dr.
Jack Crowell, then on the GHA staff, gave her. He said she had a choice between
stopping work voluntarily then or involuntarily in a short while. This was
the summer of 1950, after the helicopters became a regular problem and were
seemingly uncontrollable.

This year (this is being written November 25, 1964) we had each had
neither and I would presume exhaustive tests and examination the results of
which are clear and consistent: there is no organic reason for any of the
many medical and psychological difficulties we have had. On the occasion of
my first consultation with Dr. Geesy (he thought it unnecessary to see Lil),
he told me that this was but for our health, that reaction was necessary and
a sign of good mental health, for the lack of reaction to such a bad situa-
tion would not be normal or healthy, and that there was nothing we could do
about it as long as we lived here for the causes were clearly outside our
control. It is possible that the realization we were powerless to do any-
thing aggravated our troubles. I am certain the realization, after the trial,
that the law gave us no relief, and after the May 1962 Pentagon conference
at which I was promised we not see any of their helicopters, that neither
the law nor the Defense Department could give us any relief (the overflights
actually became more frequent) had serious consequences and did considerably
aggravate our conditions.

The great frustration of our situation was repeatedly magnified by the
Government. We had just reached a ok high point of achievement in our field,
when the helicopters became a problem. We couldn't produce what we could sell
and were expanding to meet the unfilled and potential market. First, in 1957,
we were promised relief and didn't get it, for in early 1958 the helicopters
came again, and with increasing frequency. Again the Military District of
Washington promised relief and didn't afford it. Then the trial, and then the
Pentagon promises, often repeated in writing and verbally. We had done every
everything we could thing of except shoot at the helicopters (which my wife
began to call "vermints"). If we couldn't and the Government couldn't or
wouldn't, who could? I believe when they began to lie to us, telling us obvious
and childish lies, it got even worse

Then we came to have fears and to be very apprehensive and to worry.

The fear was not single. We feared the certain and clearly established effect on our chickens. We feared the equally positive adverse effect on our income and our business. We greatly feared the helicopters and came to fear they would crash. We got to the point where we feared all aviation sounds, and in 1968 began to develop what became a fixed conditioned reflex, to which I will return in more detail below. The helicopters invariably meant losses and damages and reduced business and reduced income, with not only the same, but greatly increased costs. With the months these fears were true. Withall, our lives in every respect became unhappy and unpleasant. We became depressed and hopeless. On the following pages I will detail some of the things that happened to our lives.

We had the same emotions about each other. We each feared and hated what was happening to each other. Especially after Dr. Summers told my wife the likely precipitating cause of the attacks of glaucoma she was having (acute) was the helicopters, and that any one attack could blind her, did I worry excessively. I had not a minute's peace and I fear that some of the officials of the Defense Department concluded I had become hysterical. Dr. Rukethal was rather pointed in telling my wife about my concern and involvement and indicated her belief it was also bad for my wife.

Our sleep was ruined-for both of us. That has been true from the very beginning and has continued without change since. My wife just couldn't sleep. She's spend hours awake in bed at night, either unable to fall asleep or awakened after brief sleep. I scratched my face in my sleep, drawing blood almost nightly, and every time she looked at me or the pillows and bedclothes my wife was reminded of it. I also scratched my chest when my wife would awaken me of stop me, as though in my sleep I subconsciously was trying to find her by scratching a less conspicuous place. When we broke that up,

I began to gnash my teeth. Never in my life had I ever done anything like these things. I learned about my tooth-gnashing not from my wife but from my dentist, Dr. Meyer Silverman, who has been our dentist since the mid-1950s and who is a friend. He could detect it in what was happening inside my mouth, to my teeth and gums, and he predicted I would loose teeth from it. After he told me this my wife admitted she had been only too well aware of it, that she had refrained from telling me on purpose (to spare me, I suppose), and that nightly it awakened her. Dr. Silverman's prediction came true in another way. One night I broke a tooth off in my sleep and was shocked and frightened to awaken with it on my tongue.

My wife began to and continued to suffer severe headaches, some of them crippling and all painful and unpleasant for her and for me. In addition, I worried about them and about her, especially when her eyes were involved. I suppose that deep inside I also had a guilt feeling, a feeling that this was my fault, for it was I who most wanted to become a farmer, to leave the city for tranquility and a healthier environment.

It didn't occur to me to keep a separate file of what was happening to our health and well-being as a consequence of the overflights and sonic booms until late in 1968. I had Dr. Casey's opinion that we could do nothing about it and the experience of the first trial, in which our lawyers had alleged no damage from it, although I had raised this question and one of our lawyers was personally familiar with it. I had been led to believe (by the lawyers) that nothing legally could be done about it. But in 1968 I began to believe that legally something might be done, and when it became clear that the Pentagon promises were no more worthwhile than any other, I did begin to record these things. The are almost all in the file "Health-Ours", which is divided into two parts, the second one consisting of clippings or literature [illegible]

There are such references and notes in other files and as I work the files over I am noting them. There are, for example, three dozen such items in the section of the log the last section - that I haven't typed in final form in order to give the Defense Department copies. There are also references in the skipped section, of which we gave the Defense Department copies.

After this general discussion I will make references to some of the specific items, but all for they are too numerous. The file is bound and almost all entries are typed. It is about 3/4 inch thick.

There are some items I should have mentioned above that I forgot and I will make them. I now recall here. When I was tearing my face in my sleep I was also drooling very heavily. Sometimes it would awaken me. The pillow was always wet from slobber in the morning and sometimes it would get so bad at night that I'd have to turn the pillow over in order to be able to sleep. It ruined the pillows, made extra work and problems for my wife and I guess also worried her. Before long all our pillows except the one my wife used were very heavy-unlike the lightness of pillows. Cleaning and drying them is neither pleasant nor easy. I believe this stopped when I stopped tearing at my face.

We had an additional great frustration when, following the victorious election we attempted to try and complete our home. The money, from that my wife saved while she was working, was for us considerable and in all wanted for it became clear the helicopters would not stop, our income would stay depressed and later that we would have to leave here.

Also, we still have and without these problems would have had the most profitable poultry farm in the country if not, indeed, in the entire world. An examination of the statements of people who were waiting to become our egg customers, the records we still have of our meat business and our

price list should make this abundantly clear. With a regular business for some
it may be a dollar a dozen retail, and a cent above the highest price quoted
to customers; and with most chickens at a minimum of ninety cents a pound, with
an excellent volume business at $1.75 for twelve-ounce chickens, there should
be no question of this.

About or a little before the time quitclaim we discovered she had work to
[illegible] gun working
[illegible] Again. The effects of such tension on her condition she had here been
very hot and the correlation between the noise stresses and her reactions have
been undistinguishable. When her nerves are disturbed, she is sometimes quite ill
and quite uncomfortable. She consumes antacids in such great quantities that
I have bought as many as 600 or 700 for her at a time.

With respect to our fear of the helicopters, there came a time when
I feared them so much I began to keep some of the many notices that began
to appear in the papers about their crashes and forced landings, etc. They
cannot glide to a safe place, as an airplane can, but they plummet. I knew
I became more fearful, anxious and apprehensive after the testimony of a
former helicopter pilot that they were the least safe of aircraft. This
happened at the trial.

On our emotions, I haven't discussed this aspect with my wife, for I
have avoided whatever reference to these problem I could, knowing they always
hurt her, but for myself and I would suppose for her, I can state that from
time to time I felt we thought we were being persecuted, deliberately. I knew
on several occasions, sometimes to the accompaniment of tears, she proclaimed
her belief "They are doing it on purpose". Sometimes she'd used a profanity
instead of the pronoun, and my wife never uses profanity.

Before the helicopters both of us used to enjoy tending our chickens. In addition, I found so much pleasure in my work that I often I'd do things that were not essential chores on Sundays and holidays. It was a positive pleasure to both us us. This keen gratification turned into equally acute displeasure. It has come to the point that now, with the buildings empty since the end of January, we stay away from them; I believe my wife has been to them only twice: once to count the nests, necessary for some accounting work she was doing (and she was so anxious to get away from the hen house she didn't count them all, as I was later able to show her by our recollections of what was in each pen) and once when a cat didn't show up for two days, I think she went to the barn and found the(apparently some of the people tending the monkeys had inadvertently fastened the cat in the empty barn. As of today, she hasn't been down to see the monkeys and has refused to take kids there.

As of now, I'd place my first serious reaction to the helicopters as Civil Defense Day 1957, when there was the second mock evacuation of prominent or important government officials. I wasn't home in 1955 for the the first such game, but I was in 1957 and I suppose I became hysterical. Earlier I detailed what happened. After being able to do nothing with complaints to all the authorities I could think of, I recall I just sat down in an armchair and sat, whipped. I knew what had happened in 1956 and was desperate at what I knew would be the 1957 consequences.

Others have noticed these hysterical reactions by both of us. Two who come to mind are Tom Crumbine, of the Farmers' Cooperative Association and George Quigley, a zoologist on the staff of the University of Maryland. Crumbine has I am certain noticed this several times and some of the occasions will be noted in the log, if not all, and in his statements. Quigley's is in

the log. He was here when a small, relatively quiet civilian helicopter (the first and one of the very few such) was low and to the west of our place. I knew and I'm certain my wife also realized that it would cause no harm. He later described my wife's reaction as "only a little short of hysteria" and mine and mazur pronounced but not as severe.

The next frightening-really terrifying- thing that happened to me with no apparent organic reason was on a date I dont now recall but can be established from GHA records. It was early-well before daylight - on a Tuesday morning in late winter or early spring. I usually arrose from 3 to 4 a.m. This was after the first gosling had hatched. We had one in a box in our home and after dressing I went over to check it. As I leaned over to see how it was I suddenly, without warning, completely lost my sense of balance and my ability to control myself. I did not lose consciousness and was aware of what was happening, although it seemed very unreal and impossible. I seemed to reel and spin as I was falling. There was a sofa about four feet away from the furniture on which the box was (I had bent very little), and when I finally came to rest, my head was against the arm on the far side of the sofa. I had fallen between the sofa and tables and chairs, hitting the chairs as I went down. I am not aware of any hurt or pain from the fall,and dont believe there was any. But it was an eerie sensation, doing something I had neither planned nor desired doing, doing it completely involuntarily, and having neither the ability or means of controlling myself. The unreality was so frightening I still have a strong feeling of it as I recall it. With some difficulty, I made my way to my arm chair where I just sat and worried. I was scared! I remained there for an hour or so, until I had to leave at 6:30 a.m. I was able to drive the truck. On my return after 8 a.m. I phoned Dr. Fawcett at Dawsonville. He told me it was probably nerves, and knowing we were members of GHA he told

me to check with them, which I did in all liklihood the next day, my normal delivery day and I had GHA customers. Dr. Fawcett also told me to switch to Sanka if I were a coffee drinker and if I was smoking to stop inhaling, both of which I did (and have since then, almost completely. However, I have since abandoned Sanka for tea).

Dr. Shechter made several examinations, one of which he jokingly referred to as some kind of torture, consisting of, I believe, cold water injected abruptly into the ears. I lost my sense of balance from it, even though he had me reclining. It was a test that required stop-watch timing, I recall. My reaction was such (I believe unusual) that he called Dr. Ralph in. They also ordered Xrays and arranged for an immediate optical examination by Dr. Vouvalis, although this optical examination may have been a little later, for I know the eye examination was connected with severe headaches. The Xrays of my head revealled nothing. I conclude that since he gave me the Equanil Dr. Shecter concluded the thing came from nerves and tensions. Dr. Ralph's note is still in the file, I believe, for several months ago when Dr. Bazelon was giving me a neorological examination she found a note by Dr. Ralph she could not read. Assuming it relates to this, Mrs. Will and Mrs. Whiteside, who then were nurses in EMT and are still with GHA, might have a familiarity with Dr. Ralph's handwriting.

The headaches I referred to above hit me about an hour after I retired. They were so severe they literally made me vomit. I couldn't bear even a pillow touching my head. Those were miserable nights. These headaches were centered right behind the right eye. This was the occasion on which my eyes were dilated and I got a neighbor to drive me home. Dr. Vouvalis told me he saw the trouble, gave me a prescription that he said should clear it up in a day by dilating a constricted bloodvessel (I had previously been put on nocturnal codeine). That did work and within a short while these headaches ended

Later, Dr. Heverkamp, also of the eye department, told me this constriction came likely from the tensions.

One summer about the same time, and again GHA records will establish the exact time, I had another frightening med experience for which there was no organic cause detected. It happened on a Friday afternoon when I was mowing grass on the hillside between our home and the Number One Brooder House. I am certain I was neither overheated not over-exerted. But suddenly I became so weak I didn't think I'd be able to make it up to the house. This also struck me without any kind of warning. I had felt good, as I usually did when engaged in physical activity. It had difficulty breathing and my heart suddenly was pounding so much I could feel it. My wife wasn't home. When I finally got into the house and sat down I took my pulse and there was a pronounced irregularity that petrified me. I feared a heart attack. In addition to the irregularity, there were what seemed like long periods where I had no pulse. Sometimes two or three beats would all come together, as though they were one vibrating beat. I had never before had any irregularity in my pulse or heartbeat. It has continued since, as has also very strong beats, or to use a more adequate description, vibrations, which have continued since, not connected with any physical exertion, even the mildest, and Dr. Millon examined me for this within the past several months, prescribing nembutal and saying the uncomfortable sensation could be eliminated by regularly taking a drug, which I decided against.

On this occasion, I just rested for a while and got to the point where I could move around without feeling so weak I couldn't. But I was decidedly concerned and at Dr. Allbright's order GHA made an electrocardiogram which I believe was completely negative. Dr. Allbright had no explanation other than the helicopter tensions.

When this sensation hits me at night when I get in bed, when I can

feel that irregular pounding of my heart, it is quite disconcerting and still makes me apprehensive.

Of all the unusual things that happened to me, the only one apparently not attributable to the tensions caused by the helicopters and sonic booms was nonetheless caused by the helicopters. The Defense Department kept asking me for the serial numbers of the helicopters and I was never able to see them. Of course, I knew when they were overhead this was impossible, but I hadn't yet realized it is usually impossible to read them if they are not overhead, for various reasons. This happened on a Friday afternoon, when my wife was away grocery shopping. I could hear one coming from the south and I knew it was in violation of the regulations, whether or not it would be overhead. The Defense Department often promised to court-martial the first offender they caught, and I felt even the threat of a court martial would discourage the pilots who were violating the regulations as a matter of course and it seemed to us deliberate design. This was in the summer of 1968 and again CHA records and my own notes will establish the date. So I ran to our home to grab the camera and try and get a picture. Of course, I shouldn't run. I'm too old and I haven't run for years. I got up to the driveway and either my knees just gave out or I made a stone roll, but in any event I had a hard fall. I must have been in a running crouch for 20 feet or more in an effort to regain my balance before I hit. I came down on both palms. Needless to say, had it not been for the insistence of the Defense Department on a number identification and their failure to do anything about the many incontrovertable cases I had already reported I would have had no occasion for running. I didn't get the picture and because of the way my palms felt I called Dr. Wilkinson, who I have been using as the equivalent of a family doctor for some time. He told me to come in early the next morning and have my palms Xrayed. He thought there might be a hair crack and sent me to the

Washington Hospital Center where the orthopedist also thought there might be a hair crack. The specialist apparently thought it likely for he put my right hand and forearm in a partial ~~xxxxxxxxx~~cast. I had also bruised both palms, including, the specialist said, internal bruises and rupturing of small bloodvessels which would later show (they did). I also jammed both shoulders and my left forearm. At first I had little trouble with the shoulders but soon the forearm was troubling me. It hurt and I could not do much work with that arm. I couldn't and still cant handle moderate weights with that arm, weights I would have previously considered very light. Dr. Shuster at GHA examined this and decided it was tendonitis, or what is commonly called "tennis elbow". He said it and the later shoulder trouble were probably from the fall ~~(as Dr. Feffer also did later)~~. The weakness and pain in my palms continued for a long time. I couldn't even shave without difficulty. I still have tender spots in both palms. Gradually, they and the forearm got better and later the shoulders much worse. Dr. Feffer decided the trouble was not tendonitis but adhesions, for I was gradually using the use of both arms. He ordered a long series of thrice-weekly therapy - heat,,manipulation and exercise, which did restore some of the use of the arms. I still take the exercises at home. Presumeably this handicap will be permanent. It is not improving and right now I believe is not as good as when the therapy ended. This shoulder trouble also impaired my sleep. I couldn't sleep on either side, as had been my habit, especially because of my old back injury, in which sleep in a certain position always was more comfortable. I haven't gone back to Dr. Feffer because there seems to be no point in it and because I am anxious to spend as little as I can because we have no income.

In connection with my sleep and lack of it, I dont think I got more than four hours before the shoulders awakened me. Often by walking around and moving my arms I could return to bed and sleep another hour. Also in connection with

sleep. I should have noted above in discussing the weakness and dizziness that hit me leading to the KMD, that from that time on I was unable to sleep or lie on my left side without the same sensation of giddiness hitting me immediately. My head had the sensation of swimming. I dont see how a value can be placed on such a loss, but in addition to interfering with my sleep, this and the shoulder injury have denied me (and I hope my wife) what to me (and again I hope to her) had been a great pleasure and feeling of comfort-sleeping with her in my arms. I cant do it and haven't been able to since then, although I can now lay my right arm over her waist for a while. I have accomplished this by using two large pillows (to raise my head). This is in addition to the 4-inch elevation of the headboard because of my wife's hiatus hernia.

One of the more disturbing and potentially most costly consequences to me personally is an inability to concentrate that I believe I first notice in reading several years ago, following by some time the helicopter-tensions. It is something that I never was previously troubled with before and, in fact, would have precluded the kind of work I did before farming, in which I made my living entirely by my mind and by the ways I could use it, to a large degree figuring out things other people couldn't and didn't. In writing and researching for the writing I now find concentration difficult and easily disturbed, with my thoughts almost invariably coming to the helicopters and sonic booms and their consequences, and worst of all, to what they have done to my wife and me. If there is any kind of aviation within hearing, it diverts me. I have to stop, at least for a while. There are days I just cannot keep my mind on what I want to focus on. If my wife is here, which is almost invariably the case, it is even worse and I am more easily disconcerted. Every time I see her and see the difference in her appearance, how this has forced her to live and how unhappy that alone has made her, I'm done. Further, it depresses

me. My agent has forcefully called this to my attention both in person and in a rather severe letter. She had arranged for one book and was anxious for me to do two others, one of which she wanted to enter for a major literary prize. I have worked on them but not well. I cannot stay with them. I have also been working on other books and just recently enlisted aid on an additional children's book, something that should be totally unnecessary. The book intended for the prize competition should be both easy and pleasant for me. It requires no research- just writing and being able to sit down and concentrate on it. It is far from coming along well, even though it should in a sense be both gratifying and a good kind of therapy and probably remunerative. I just find it impossible to work. This is in sharp contrast with the writing I did when I was less mature, which I found effortless and stimulating.

I can only hope that when it becomes possible for us to be in a different environment, when every thing we look at, inside and outside, every object-connected thought, doesn't remind us of our suffering and wasted sacrifices including the "best years of our lives". The validity of Dr. Casey's advice, that it is a minimum necessity that we leave and the present impossibility of our doing so, only makes it worse.

One the subject of ~~our~~ sacrifices, which may complicate our reactions and attitudes, we gave up almost all the things people cherish and enjoy doing to make our start. My wife gave up her personal life to work for it and we gave gave up virtually every non-working moment. While we could see that there was a point to this, that something we longer for was coming closer and closer and was as certain as anything in this life can be, it really was no sacrifice for me at least. I am certain my wife would have enjoyed very much the pleasures she surrendered. But what we were doing have meaning and we could see a good

and nothing but suffering and trouble, when it became clear -,and I dont think this is an unfair characterization- that the government seemed determine to ruin us, of course our attitudes, especially to our sacrifices, changed. For example, my wife bought practically no clothing except stocking and underwear. We have been to no movies, plays or shows and have done practically no visiting among friends. We haven't had a vacation since World War II, and the last dress clothing I bought until this year I bought during the war, when the Army put me into civilian clothes. With the long hours we devoted to building our plant and business, we also had to forgo other pleasures, such as the time it took to read much more than the daily paper, things like that. Unless one leads this kind of a life and then finds it was for no good purpose, one might not readily understand what it means to those who do.

Another unpleasant consequence, and I say consequence because medical tests have eliminated any organic cause, is a gradual loss of my sexual vigor and even interests that is not attributable to age. Dr. Wilkinson had the tests made and repeated and has assured me he can find no other reason. As best I can now recall, for this was a gradual thing, I believe it began about the time of the "attack" I thought might be a heart attack. I believe a parallel condition on the part of my wife complicated this. I know I fear hurting her, even "bothering" her, and it is and has been difficult, now becoming virtually impossible for her to reach a climax. She has no sexual interest, it is now clear, but it is also clear she has the capacity.

If more detail is required, I can supply it, but I hope it will be sufficient to say that for some time I have had diminished and diminishing conscious interest and capacity yet at the same time awaken at night with the capacity but with a fear or reluctance that is in itself emasculating. It is a hell of a feeling and a lousy way to live.

All of this has aged us both prematurely and in the case of my wife at least, physically, in appearance. Casual examination of pictures taken in the recent past-just before these troubles really began and shortly after they began - candid newspictures, make this abundantly clear.

We are both also conditioned to noises, especially aviation noises. Since mid-1962,especially following the Pentagon meeting, this has increased. We got an early model "automatic" camera in order to be able to photograph the helicopters, trading for better models as they became available, and kept the camera by the back door. We also borrowed a simple movie camera my wife could use and kept it in the same place and for the same purpose. It soon got to where when we heard any sound that might be a helicopter, we went dashing for the door and the cameras. This became a conditioned reflex, as certain as Pavlov's dogs and bells. When the helicopters were really low and directly over our homes, it was usually impossible to get the cameras and get outside in time to get the requisite shot, although we did for a few and in other cases got shots showing the path of flight after the helicopters had passed over. Afterwards, as George Quigley pointed out, it seemed to me as though my wife then bordered on hysteria, although I didn't realize until he and Grumbine told me, how similar my own reaction was.

Now all sorts of noises both us. Sometimes ordinary noises make my ears twitch. In my wife's case it is even worse, for she is also conditioned against all aviation and almost all noises disturb her. To cite two examples: When the Ghanian Ambassador visited us to award us a remembrance from the President of his country, he made us a touching and friendly speech pointing out we were the ~~ha~~ only Americans so honored and ~~one~~ concluding with the statement that might have been serious or may have been only a diplomatic flattery. He said he hoped it would be possible some day for us to be the guests of his government. My wife's reply was so instantaneous and spontaneous that I believe ~~we were all surprised~~ She said, "Good-by best!" As we talk of the new home we

need and long for, although it is now only a remote dream, the one thing upon which she has from the first insisted is that she have a completely soundproof room. In this it is clear she is quite serious and I am satisfied it will be a minimum necessity for her. This is not entirely psychological, for often noises and pleasant sounds are painful to her. I have to keep the radio lower, for example, both in the car and at home. She has become so sensitive to noises that she finds our new economy car, a light Valiant, more comfortable than the heavier and to me much better riding large station wagon. I am certain this is because the Valiant has a much lower road noise level.

Behavior of government officials may have had something to do with our health problems, in the sense that they may have aggravated the problems the government had already caused. What I have in mind is the failure to keep promises made on all levels from Captain up and what amounted to a war of nerves on us of the same sort- promising to do something, to stop the "harrassment" (Colonel Low's description), to court-martial offenders, not to transmit through proper and designated channels the reports we made on violations, ditto with photographs, not coming out to effect a settlement when they promised (Captain VanVoris), and then the whole Colonel Leahy incident, beginning when he acted without justification and wrongly in both fact and law and then persisted in a false and untenable position that amounted to persecution, together with not doing what the Judge Advocate General's Office of the entire US Army told us they had instructed him to do and he would do, then, finally, admitting everything in writing except how much damage had been done us and finally admitting the singular responsibility both the Army and the General Counsel's Office of the Defense Department had told me he and the Army had assumed, finally to back out on everything, altering the transcript of our conference to suit his purposes and hurt us by deleting those admissions of fact helpful to us. The last such

Detrick to report a violation this past summer (covered by letters, memo, etc. in other files) and was threatened with prosecution on instructions of the Second Army, my reaction apparently caused an inquiry to be made resulting, I presume from what followed, in an almost complete absence of helicopters for me to report. Following the Pentagon conference with Colonel Leahy, at which I can only presume he learned things he did know but should have known, there was a very considerable reduction in such traffic. Regretably, none of this happened until after we had been forced to complete liquidation.

During the peiod of what may best but not too accurately described as negotiations, the effects on me of the succession of made and broken promises and Colonel Leahy's behavior was such that I had a succession of minor accidents for the first time in my life, all or most of which are otherwise noted elsewhere. Most if not all were my fault. During this time I found the meprobamate insufficient to calm my nerves.

The section of the health file beginning January 1964 is considerably more than half of the volume, even though in recent months there were relatively few entries, coinciding with the ending of the helicopter and sonic boom troubles. In part this may perhaps be due to the fact I had more time following the end of liquidation, but I believe examination of the file will show otherwise. It represent a reflection of what happened to us.

Throughout the entire file and in other notes it will be seen that Lil's continuing and severe trouble with headaches KEYS in with the overflights and sonic booms. Of course, they made her life exceedingly unpleasant and destroyed her desire to do anything or her interest in doing anything. She just felt lousy all the time. However, on her glaucoma check following liquidation, her pressure reading was so much better she was told she didn't have to come back for a year unless she felt it necessary.

However, after the liquidation, my difficulties were greater. I had

a consultation with Dr. Wilkinson who appeared to notice a nervous tic I had developed. He ordered a series of tests, including another EKG, which he didn't explain to me, on February 12. At that time I also noted an inability to sleep keyed in with research on the effects of noises. On the same day I noted the people who had come up to my wife and commented on her changed and improved appearance since we finished liquidating (unfortunately short-lived). On the same day I noted my wife's reduced consumption of antacids and less frequent need for headache relief on arrising.

But by the 25th. it was clear that we and especially Lil could not escape the consequences of these stresses. She had been working on our books the previous day. She got dizzy and got so ill she went to bed in the afternoon and remained there except for a simple supper. Her very bad headaches returned, she began to wonder aloud if she had allergies and she had what my note describes as a "violent reaction" to a helicopter, something I had hoped would disappear with the departure of the last chicken. She seemed alarmed and panicky. That evening we were talking about it and when I told her I had been ignoring sounds I thought might indicate helicopters were coming because I wanted her not to react, to feel easier, she said she also was making a strong effort to ignore them but couldn't. She said it had nothing to do with damaging chickens because she knew we had no more to be hurt (which I thought a little odd and still do) but she just couldn't stand it, that was all.

By March 11 she was much worse. For two days her eyes hadn't functioned properly and she hadn't read, ending the previous night when, unable to sleep, she had been able to read. On the ninth, while sitting down, she got so dizzy she was afraid to get up. She agreed to my suggestion she go to bed, but I had to assists her. She remained in bed almost a full day. I consulted Dr. Birkenbilt by phone and he thought it would pass off during the night. In the morning I wanted to take her to the doctor but she couldn't bear the thought of motion. When at 5 a.m. I put a cold towel on her head and started to talk,

to ask if she wanted anything else, etc., she immediately silenced me. Later when she felt a little better she explained that even the low volume of my voice "made vibrations she couldn't bear". Because she hadn't gone in to the clinic as Dr. Birkinbilt had said when I was in Washington I spoke to Dr. Thompson who also believed it would wear off. But I was afraid to leave until my mother-in-law came to stay with my wife. I couldn't ask both days.

But perhaps the worst experience, certainly the worst fright of my life came about 2:30 a.m. March 15. It is described in a lengthy hand-written note made at the time for I feared returning to bed and could not have slept if I had tried. My wife awakened me, wracked with violent spasms she couldn't control. She was not and didn't feel cold on the outside but felt as though she were freezing on the inside. I added all the covers I could find and tried to warm her with my body. When nothing helped I called the CHA duty doctor who told me to give her 800 mg meprobamate , after speaking to her briefly, and he told me he tought it was nerves and if in a half hour there wasn't a difference to repeat the dosage. I feared the quantity and he cut it in half. He didn't then think it was necessary to take her to the hospital but told me to call him if there was a change. Her pulse, as best I could make it out the way she was shaking, was 103 and her temperature, which is normal for her at two points below normal, was 99. I gave her some hot tea and she felt a little warmer on the inside but she also was beginning to feel cold on the outside. After a while she fell asleep. Her breathing was very rapid and deep enough to move her body, visible in even the dim light and unusual for her. Meanwhile, in deep fear, I had dressed, with no thought of even trying to sleep. She roused at 5:25 and said "I must have a fever now." She did- 101, and her pulse was 115. I again phoned the doctor and he told me to have her at the clinic at 9 a.m. for some tests, as I remembered when making the note he mentioned blood county and Xrays. If it seemed ~~to me~~ necessary to me, to take her to the hospital immediately, but

and fever
if her pulse didn't do up and she didn't otherwise seem worse, it might be better to wait for the clinic. When I finished talking to him she wanted to go to the bathroom and would have fallen if I hadn't caught her and then helped her. At 6:45 her pulse was 120 and her temperature was 100 (my note is unclear). At the clinic, where we were later joined by Mr. Taft, and after the tests were made, Dr. Ruckstuhl thought there was a connection between what had happened to Lil and what she had been doing the day before- typing excerpts I had marked from the official British Government Report on Noise. Lil made specific reference to what the Report said of the reaction of humans to aviation noises, and suddenly recalled that while she was working on it she had gotten an earache. She increased the dosage of tranquilizer, told us to record her temperature on arriving and retiring and to check with her the following Monday. She had trouble walking, or rather shuffling for she didn't really walk, and would have fallen in the GHA building several times if I hadn't been holding her. She continued to feel dizzy and slept fitfully in the car. At home she immediately went to bed, fully clothed, and slept until I awakened her at supper time and gave her some tea. She fell asleep again without touching it.

On the way in to the clinic I at one time thought I was going to keel over. Dr. Ruckstuhl also told her that in some way she must learn to live with these tensions, and she told me not to let Lil type excerpts from any more such books. When we got home, Lil walked into objects she thought she was avoiding, such as the pens in which we feed the cats. She wasn't coordinating and denied she was headed where she was headed when I stopped her. Several times during the day she referred to the previous night as a horror and of her horrible feeling.

It then occurred to me that her dizziness and illness the tenth also coincided with her work on the British Symposium on Noise. Earlier, I had though it attributable to a Tussinen(?) pill Dr. Thomason had prescribed, a form of codeine, and had been surprised because she had all her life been taking various medicines containing codiene without ill effect. Although Dr. Thompson had never

seen a reaction to that drug so soon and so severe, he ~~kxxkxkxxxxfxxfxxfxx~~ told me not to give her anymore, but I had already discontinued them after the first. She spent much time sleeping, in or out of bed, continued dizzy and is "unclear" in the head. She couldn't move her head much or sharply.

Here in my notes appears reference to normal sounds she cant stand. They include squeaks and rattles in the car, normal volume of music, any voice over a normal conversational level, and any aviation sounds of any kind or volume. The telephone bell sometimes bothers her.

The following day, Saturday, she was a little better. She slept until awakened by the phone but is still unsteady and prefers holding on to something when she walks. Her nocturnal temperature was down to 96.8 and in the morning 97.4.

On the sixteenth, when we were at OHA, I was scheduled for a physical and I left Lil seated, waiting for Dr. Ruckstuhl's nurse with the record the doctor had requested. When I returned she was a little vague and said "I wonder what I told that nurse?". She thought she told the nurse we'd be there several hours, which the nurse confirmed, and which wasn't true. The nurse reported the doctor's orders to continue with the heavy tranquilization and check with her if necessary. It was a nice day, and after lunch we walked three blocks, which was about all she could make before having to sit down. She still looked tired, pale and sleepy, in fact, seemed unable to get enough sleep, but seemed a little steadier on her feet and not reaching out as much to touch objects for support as she walked. She was still "woozy" and motion of her head made her dizzy.

The night of the seventeenth we were in bed watching TV when suddenly Lil asked me to take her pulse. It was 97 and irregular. I asked why she had asked me to do this and when she was evasive I didn't press her, but I knew she was trying to hide something from me. The following morning she admitted she was "oaky except in the head". The previous day I had heard he admit to an aunt that sometimes she thinks she is walking in one direction but is actually

going in another direction. And to a cousin and again when we were in Washington a few days later, she admitted that every once in a while her heart beats rapidly and strong enough for her to feel it.

On the 20th she went grocery shopping with her mother and on her return was so exhausted she didn't put the perishables away. She was heavy-lidded and unsteady. The she started storing her groceries, in installments, not completing the simple task until about two hours after her return. After her return from Frederick she complained that she wished she had at least one day every now and then when she felt well. She was also unhappy about her continuing weakness and dizziness. After supper, she went to get herself a glass of tea, bringing it to sit by where I was. She got to a place where she could support herself and asked me to get the tea before she dropped it. I had to help her to her chair. When shortly thereafter my mother called to report the results of my sister's serious surgery, Lil didn't even get up to talk to her. When at 7:30 she retired, she asked me to help her, while she washed, brushed her teeth, went to the bathroom, and with her undressing. An hour later she had one of her "cold" spells, but not as severe as the earlier one. She took her own temperature, 96.6 (pulse 79). Before supper she had spent a little time computing our egg-production losses. I had tried to do some writing but couldn't.

The following morning I awakened at a little after 4 to find her reading and again feeling cold. Her temperature was 98.6, pulse 75. During the first half of the day she groped for objects with which to support herself when she walked, but was more steady in the afternoon. During the early part of the night she slept deeply. I was able to use the typewriter, about 4 feet from the bed, without awakening her. But I was unable to accomplish anything. I had feared leaving her alone for the past two days.

On the afternoon of the twenty-second she suddenly fell asleep sitting in a chair, in a very awkward and uncomfortable position, and slept with her

feeling cold inside. Her pulse was 72, her temperature 96.6. During the night she slept better but I couldn't, awakening about 3 a.m., dozing again briefly and then getting out of bed in order not to disturb her. She seemed better in the morning, but after stirring around a little, she was again very tired.

Between 3:30 and 4 the next morning I awakened to find her again reading. She fell asleep again with the light on. For the early part of the morning, after she awakened, she again had to brace herself as she moved. The following day she had such distress from her hiatus hernia and took so many pills for it she didn't take the tranquilizers. Although she rarely shows signs of self-pity, she again blurted out how unpleasant it is not to know a good day. After we retired the next night, but while I was still reading, she again asked me to take her pulse. I had thought she was asleep. Her pulse was only 80, but I thought her heart was skipping some beats. When I inquired she admitted her heart was again pounding. In all our years, until after the bad spell in March, she had never asked me to take her pulse. I then (and now) believed her concern was over her continual feeling of exhaustion, and her persistent dizziness was aggravated by our not knowing the meaning of this spell, other than the doctors' opinion that it was of nervous origin. She sleeps much, but her nighttime sleeping is frequently interrupted. During the daytime she doesn't get much done - nor do I. Several times she started to tell me something and forgot what she was talking about before she finished.

Again on the morning of the 26th I awakened about three a.m. to find her reading. When I asked what the trouble was she said merely "head". During this entire period, I was able to sleep but little. I also had strange dreams about construction. The night before I had dreamed about shifting the contents of our freezers, which apparently included an old hay baler. I also dreamed about people using the wrong chicken crates. On a number of occasions during this period, my tooth-gnashing was more disturbing than usual to her.

[illegible]

staggered and was hardly able to walk, even unsteadily. She almost fell asleep reading the paper at breakfast and let it drop. When reaching over to pick it up she almost fell out of the chair. When she went to bed her eyes were almost closed. The previous day, when she left the washroom on the second floor of the GHA building, she fell, hard, and for no apparent reason, although she later said the threshold had caused it. The threshold is smooth marble. I checked it and there seemed to be nothing on which she could have caught her shoe. She had been heavy-lidded, shuffled instead of walking and had talked as though drunk.

On the 26th Lil had another appointment with Dr. Ruckstuhl. I asked her to make a note on it. She said Dr. Ruckstuhl sent me from the office "because she felt he is overly concerned. I told her about the coldness in my chest, the sudden onset of sleepiness during the day or early evening, the low temperature readings, the rapidity with which I fall asleep at night and the sudden awakenings after a couple hours of sleep without being able to go back to sleep. ...Everything I told her she attributed to tension, including the palpitations. She said that it was probably due to the conditions under which we have had to live for so long, and that it was at least continued if not increased by the necessity of having how to try to compute our losses or claims; she also felt that Harold's over-solicitude is a contributing factor and recommended that each of us make opportunities to have some time alone. She also suggested it might be wise to remove to an area which does not have the same associations as this one, but conceded that it would be extremely difficult to locate where we would be free of aircraft of one sort or another. She felt than an immediate aid for us both would be to take a two to three week vacation, but realized the impracticelability of that at this time...changed tranquilizer...Valium...plus Nembutal...She also said a nap in midday or afternoon might be helpful."

I also made a note of what Lil told me. She said the doctor told her my concern bordered on the neurotic, or that I was neurotic because of the extent of my concern. She later repeated essentially the same thing to a friend, but she didn't include it in what I had asked her to note. Perhaps the doctor was correct, but as I read Lil's note, she understated, as is her habit. I was the one who saw her bump into things for no apparent reason, heard her talk as though drunk. As I commented to the friend referred to above, "The doctor doesn't live with her."

The following day she awakened after 9 and a half hours sleep- or I awakened her-and again fell sharp asleep several times before getting out of bed. It took her close to an hour to arrise and dress. Still again I had awakened early and had been unable to return to sleep.

Monday morning, the 30th., I had another great shock and fright with Lil. We had arrived at the GHA lab shortly after it opened for some tests prescribed by Dr. Gill. I was putting Lil's scarfes into her sleeve and her coat over my arm, when I heard her hit the floor, loud and hard. Until then I had had her by the arm. The nurses helped her to a cot and called a doctor. Another man in the line told me it had seemed to him as though she were not coordinated. She was immediately sleepy or very tired. Her lids were heavy and her speech exaggeratedly slow and unnatural, as though drugged. The doctor- I believe his name is Dunston- told me after his examination he thought he detected a weakness on her right side, arm and leg, and a slight twist in her face on that side (I got the impression he was suggesting a stroke). He said he was going for Dr. Ruckstuhl. A short time later Dr. Veld, a neurologist, arrived. He questioned me closely for some time before examining Lil, going into the background, then examining and speaking to her, and then taking her to an examining room in the neurological section where he made what I took to be a comprehensive neurological examination. He concluded, as he had told me in his questioning of me, that the trouble was nerves. He told us to make a further

neurological appointment with the chief neurologist, Dr. Stevens, and a joint appointment with Dr. Casey, the psychiatrist. He apparently also spoke to Dr. Ruckstuhl and changed Lil's medication, discontinuing the nembutal. In conversation with me he had made clear that while he was not a psychiatrist and would not presume to give psychiatric advice, he thought the problem was compensation and would be concerned about the possibility of us having deep-seated psychiatric problems, coming from a situation with which we couldn't cope. He told me, so to speak, I was being ground between two stones. We were there until 12:30, about three and a half hours. As time passed, Lil's speech returned to normal but remained weak. He tried to prepare Lil to meet the helicopter situation but asking her if she we in the middle of the Potomac it would do her any good to hold up her hand to stop the river...Later, after we left, she ate well but got increasingly tired and woozy. We got home about 4, she went right to sleep and slept until I awakened her about 6. Thereafter, wherever she went or walked she was uncertain and held onto or leaned against something.

My note of April fourth says that while Lil seemed to be feeling a little better she hadn't been able to do much, had been tired, weak, dizzy and unsteady on her feet and was uncertain, still walking in a direction other than the one she intended. Fearing overtranquilization, she had cut down on the new tranquilizer (Librium). Her headaches were persisting. She had been sleeping more deeply but I hadn't been sleeping any better. Again I noted my inability to get anything done and my fear of leaving her by herself because of her continuing unsteadiness. The day before, for the first time, she admitted a difficulty in concentrating.

INSERT 1 on P 90

The next note is apparently misdated, April rather than May 7. I had left the house early to photograph the hatching of some wild gosling and on my return found Lil with a cold towel on her head. She admitted she was awake before I left the house (I thought she was asleep), but hadn't asked me to help her because she felt so bad she didn't want to talk, move, or hear anyone

INSERT 2 on p. 87 p. 90

talk. She was ill all morning and told me that when I was at CHA the next day to ask Dr. Stevens what the result of her EEG at the Washington Hospital Center, was. She had seen him on April 20. She also wanted me to ask Dr. Stevens if he knew why she remained so dizzy. About 8 a.m. she suddenly exclaimed "There's a helicopter!" I heard nothing but went out to look. If I heard any aviation sound, and I wasn't certain I did, it was very faint. When I reported this to her she said she had felt the pressure.

My next note, dated May 11, indicates that Lil phoned Dr. Stevens (apparently I hadn't gotten to see him and his nurse hadn't called back) to learn the EEG he had ordered was normal and he had found no reason for her continuing dizziness. She hadn't been falling recently, but ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ her headaches had continued and she had been bothered by frequent sleeplessness yet dozed frequently (and uncomfortably) sitting up. Recent aviation traffic, including helicopters, had disturbed her. I also noted that while I hadn't been dizzy, my sense of balance had been poor and I had stumbled and bumped into things. This has never been as bad with me, but it appears to have begun either the morning I fell over or the afternoon I thought I was having a heart attack. It has never entirely stopped and even the day this is written I almost fell over several times when bending and accidently did bump into things. However, I feel well today, hence cannot account for the slight miscalculations I have made in walking.

~~The previous two notes, on the same page, were bound incorrectly in the file and hence are out of order.~~ On April eighth I had noted several pleasant things that had happened, yet she continued fatigued. After dinner, on our way home from Virginia, I had thought she was asleep, but when we were but eight minutes from home she told me she couldn't sleep but also couldn't keep her eyes open. Although we were that close to home, she then fell asleep. At home, about 9 p.m, she went right to bed. After a little while I heard her [illegible]

my hand, saying nothing. A little later, she again was moaning and I again went over to her. She seemed to try to talk and couldn't. Her head rolled on the pillow. Finally, she said she was so sleepy, yet couldn't fall asleep, that her heart was pounding very hard, hard enough to disturb her. Her pulse, which I took, was 89. She also said she was having trouble breathing, but I saw no sign of it. Then she fell asleep and after moving once or twice didn't change her position. Although I had for so long had so little sleep and I was tired I feared going to bed. Later, when I did, I awakened about 3:30 and read until 5 or 5:30, then slept again until 7. She had a very bad headache when she arrose and told me that during both of my snatches of sleep my tooth-gnashing ~~which~~ was bad and had disturbed her. My note, made the morning of the ninth, so concludes "I was quite worried last night".

April 10 we had gone to Wilmington, where Lil remained with my family and I went on to New York. In my absence she had had bad headaches, was uncertain in her walking and was again that way the sixteenth, the day I made the note, following a sonic boom. In Wilmington, When I awakened in Wilmington the morning of the eleventh, I had no feeling in the last two fingers of the right hand. They were insensitive to both heat and cold, but I could use them. It felt as though those two fingers had been cut off at the base. This lasted several days. The night of the fifteenth, Lil had been awake from about 1:30 until about 5. When I awakened her about nine, she had a bad headache. She was much better by lunch time and was about to begin some work. Lil said she immediately felt the pressure in her head, and thereafter again became uncertain in her walking.

On April 27 I wrote Mr. Frank Morris calling to his attention the fact that neither Dr. Causey on the 20th. or Dr. Stevens that day had found any reference in the file to what Dr. Dunston and Dr. Vaid had observed and concluded. I asked him to have the error corrected. The letter was never answered.

Dr. Feffer, who examined me the twenty-seventh for the tendonitis, told me there is a well-recognized connection between the kind of stresses under which we have been living and such ailments as tendonitis. He was positive, and said there was no question about this. The same day Dr. Stevens' neurological examination of my wife led him to the same conclusion Dr. Weid had reached, that there was nothing neurological. But he sent her to the Washington Hospital Center for an EEG.

May fifth Lil was disturbed by both a helicopter and a jet. She couldn't sleep that night and was awake until about 4 a.m. She was ill all day the sixth, ate no lunch and went to bed early.

INSERT from p 87 — INSERT FROM PP 87-8

A proctoscopy I had was normal (Dr. Wilkinson, April 15). Also, barium enema X-rays. Because Dr. Feffer had noted I hadn't responded to butylzolidone and indicated a possibility of gout Dr. Wilkinson ordered a uric acid test and a PBI. I hadn't lost weight despite a considerable reduction in food intake. When Dr. Wilkinson reported all tests normal I questioned him and he replied," You have been living under trying circumstances. You have been subject to severe tensions."Then, with a smile, he asked, "Or is that the understatement of the year."

Lil reacted to my reading excerpts from the transcript of the Pentagon conference with Colonel Leahy, which I did May 23. She got much sicker and wound up in bed with a cold towel (Possibly I should not have done this, but on several occasion she has told me I was keeping things from her, or not telling her everything. The transcript was carefully edited to remove as much as possible OF WHAT WAS FAVORABLE TO US ~~of what was favorable to us~~). She also had more trouble with her hernia. My note of the 24th concludes "all this increases my feeling of fatigue, which is almost constant. Recently, again, I have notice that if I lean a little way in any direction I tend to lose my balance and went to fall in that direction.

Generally, I just stumble. I haven't fallen."

On the 29th., my note says she was still ill that morning, so ill she took fiarinal before getting out of bed and kept close check on the time so she knew when she could safely repeat it. She had been more than usually ill for the several preceeding days and also exhausted. She fell asleep twice STAYING UP the 28th., both times in very uncomfortable positions, and again at night while looking at TV. I noted the correlation between this and the several helicopters. By suppertime the 29th. she was still ill. My note says she had a "rough day".

June 29, Dr. Silverman cleaned my teeth and again commented on the erosion which he again said he attributed to the tensions which, again, he said, likely caused by the tooth gnashing. When I told him that I though going back on tranquilizers full-time, which Dr. Casey had prescribed, seemed to have stopped the tooth gnashing, he said he knew of other cases and showed me several references to this in his book.

A note indicates "the regular pattern" has been repeating itself following the more infrequent overflights. She was so ill the time of our customary trip to the chicken festival, whose guests we usually are, that she'd have remained home if she thought I'd have gone without her. This is something she always looks forewrd to, ever since the year she was "queen". The first night she made no appearance, the second only the briefest, and the third night, after the banquet, when all the fun begins, she asked me to take her back to the hotel. She had bad headaches and was ill the entire period.

The note says that while her headaches have been almost constant, they have escalated after these tensions, such as the helicopters and sonic boom. The Following the previous Wednesday's it kept increasing in intensity to the point that Sunday morning, after staying in bed and medication, when she got out of bed she moved to the closest chair and sat down and remained there. I gave her her breakfast there. She could not move her head without turning her entire body, and she was so unsteady she feared doing that. It was the day of her

family's annual reunion, another event to which she always looks forward. She went and turned her normal function over to her sister-in-law.

On July eleventh I again noted her headaches had been without respite and that usually, when I awakened her, she requested medication. That morning, for the first time in a while, she told me my tooth-gnashing had kept her awake a good part of the night. This was the first time she had mentioned this for quite some time. I was totally unaware of it, thinking it had stopped.

Here there is another reference to my continuing inability to get a good night of sleep. Two nights earlier I had extinguished the light at 11:30 but was awake about one and read for an hour before I felt sleepy enough to try and again fall asleep. But I was wide awake five a.m. That night I had a very real feeling of a hard sting by a bee or wasp, complete with the accompanying warmth, on my right thigh. I found no sign or a bug or a sting, but as will be seen below, this really was something. The note further indicates Lil has been reacting to airplanes a little more, thinking they sounded like helicopters.

On the twelfth Lil was so ill she couldn't safely walk alone most of the time. I had to help her to the table, bathroom, to her chair, etc. Whether or not there is a connection, for several days she has been putting in more time on the books collecting the information required by the Agricultural Extension Economist, Jake Meness. A similar thing happened to her the 18th., when the Agricultural economist visited us. Beginning that afternoon she was ill. That night she had difficulty falling asleep, and when she did she slept but a short while, awakening in the early a.m. with a bad headache. On the 23rd. I noted she had been ill for several day, indicating no respite, that she hasn't slept well, and that I'm gnashing my teeth at night, a fact of which I had been unaware, even though I had been up quite a bit every night for example, the night before I had awakened a little before 3:30, dozed off again about 4 and began to rouse about 5.

Following the unusual sensation the night of July 9, as though my sleep had been awakened by a bad sting, I had consulted Dr. Wilkingom. He ordered several more tests that were also negative, and on the 27th. referred me to the neurological department. Here I was examined by Dr. Mazelon on August 3. She said it was (as close as I can reproduce it) Neurologica Paresthetica and not to be concerned about it. She said it usually disappears without help. She was right, for it has now (11/28/64) almost entirely disappeared, although that thigh remains unusually sensitive to only slightly cold objects.. She called Dr. Stevens, head of the department, in during the examination. He said to me, as he left, "Of all the tzurus you have, this is the least." Tzurus is a Yiddish word which roughly translates as "trouble".

On August 4 there was a directly-overhead H 21 that affected us both. There is a lengthy note of this in the log. When I got the Revere Movie camera and tried to us it, my mind just wouldn't register. It was a simple matter of adjusting the f-stop, but I couldn't read the legend on the camera, couldn't reason. I finally took some fictures the way the camera was set. When I reported this violation of regulations to Ft. Detrick, as instructed to by the Defense Department and as prescribed by Army Regulations, I was threatened with prosecution as a nuisance! This was, of course, a severe shock to us both. It is also the incident that, I believe, has been responsible for the almost total disappearance of helicopters from our immediate area, for the Second Army Judge-Advocate General later sent an officers to see us, etc., also covered in another note. But it really shook us both up. We had some company, and as soon as they left Lil fell asleep on the couch, with an odd and to me unsettling expression on her face, making her look much older. She had intended drinking a cup of tea, but she fell asleep with it almost untouched. That night I had trouble sleeping. It took me almost two hours to fall asleep and then I was up frequently. On several occasions I got our of bed, walked around a bit

and smoked. In six hours I was out of bed for the night.

My note of August 19 reports Lil had had a few more headaches recently and more stomach distress. The previous night I was awake at 4 a.m. when she asked me to get medication for her headache. I wasn't able to return to sleep. Lil had again been having spells of dizziness lasting for several hours at a time.

September 25 I noted Lil had been more ill from the time of the August overflights that ended with the unpleasant experience with Fort Detrick. She had been "worse for a while...very severe headaches, some unsteadiness, no interest in doing anything, and has had considerable trouble sleeping. One of her eyes seems to have been painfully involved in or with her headaches." She has been exhausted during the day, sleeping upright in uncomfortable positions. I also had difficulty in sleeping and had been awake from 3 to 3:30 to 5 a.m. Often I had been aware that Lil wasn't sleeping but was pretending to be asleep when she realized I was awake. We have both been reading in bed once we awaken and can't return to sleep, she more often. She was so ill the previous night I didn't even go to bed until 2 a.m. and then slept only about 3 hours. Even then I didn't get into bed, but reclined full-clothed on the couch because I was afraid to get into bed. My note doesn't indicate the cause of my fear, but I presume either I was afraid because of the way she was and seemed and wanted to be dressed in case of an emergency, because I feared disturbing her when I got into bed (least likely possibility) or because sometimes when she had these spells, the lightest motion was quite painful to her..

September 8 I noted Lil was so ill and dizzy when she awakened I had to help her to the bathroom and back to bed following medication. I noted then that she had been that way for a while, I believed going back to the August overflights. During the interval there hadn't been a day that she hadn't required medication. That particular day she seemed somewhat worse. During this

period we both continued to have difficulty sleeping, both arrising during the night and reading, but I was sleeping better, getting close to six hours sleep, several times without awakening. One of those nights, I recalled Lil waking me because of my tooth-gnashing, worse than usual. Usually, I am not aware. This time, however, it had been an eerie experience.. I was aware of the gnashing while she awakened me. I heard this strange noise and didn't understand I was making it. After taking the fiorinal, Lil remained abed thru the morning of the eighth until eleven. She was still dizzy.

On the ninth I awakened with an earache, an extremely rare things. As h the day wore on it got worse and became accompanied by discomfort on the right side of the throat as I swallowed. My bed-time two-thirds of my head was so sensitive to the slightest touch that I had to keep it twisted to the left to find a spot I could keep on the pillow. It seemed similar to a similar experience several years earlier, when GHA was still on Vermont Ave. and when, after tests, the doctors decided it was of nervous origin. The afternoon of the sixth I had been quite jumpy. I took my pulse and it seemed that about every fourth beat was what seemed like a double beat. When this persisted, accompanied by palpitations or vibrations and I could feel the violent motions of something I took to be my heart I saw Dr. Millon on the morning of the sixteenth. She said that although it could be quite annoying not to be concerned. She offered to prescribe a medicine that I could take constantly that could alleviate it but I declined, when she told me it was just to curb the feeling. So she prescribed phenobarbital pills to take thrice daily when the condition was most uncomfortable. She said it likely come from our tensions, although it could come from bad dreams, coffee or cigarettes. I had discontinued coffee and cigarettes long ago.

At 8:45 p.m. the night of the sixth I noted Lil had been so ill the previous day that again she had been disoriented, walking not the way she

thought she was and almost falling over backwards a number of times. On the sixth we had taken her cousin Kate to Washington, whome I had had to go, and she and Lil had seemed to enjoy themselves very much. When we got home about 8 p.m. Lil immediately got into bed, having a severe chill reminding me of the bad one earlier in the year that had so frightened me. I loaded her with extra covers, but her teeth were chattering so strongly I could hear them across the room. ~~She remained in bed for more than 12 hours and when she got up,~~ At 8:45 a.m. 10/7, when Lil got up, she walked with exaggerated slowness. This also reminded her of the previous case and she pointed out another parellel-she had just finished typing a summary I had made of our unsuccessful efforts to get relief from the government. It is still unassembled. But on the early night of the seventh there was some typing I had to do, to get into the next morning's mail, and she fell asleep with the noisy clatter of the old typewriter not five feet from her head. Yet when I tiptoed accross the room to get a cigar, she roused. Yet she immediately again fell asleep. ~~Although~~ I worked until 1:45 a.m., without the typewriter seeming to bother her. When I got into bed about 2, although quite tired, I again couldn't fall asleep and felt the strong, sporadic beats of the heart I had consulted Dr. Millen about. Yet my heart was not, so far as I knew, racing, and the only beats I felt were those unusual ones in which the entire organ seemed to move with enough force for me to feel it. I awakened about three, again about four and, at 5:30, unable to sleep, I just remained in bed another hour, hoping unsuccessfully to fall asleep again. During the brief intervals of my sleep, I had wild dreams that I recalled on awakening. There were a number of them. When I had awakened, I had had the violent shaking Lil had previously had, but my head and back seemed most involved. I couldn't prevent these spasms, but they passed off in a short while.

Lil spend most of October 8 in bed, and slept most of the time. When she was up and around she was unsteady and reached out for objects with which to steady herself. She was heavy-lidded. There had been two pills that I would have called Major Hodge at Ft. Detrick about, but I didn't in order to hide them from her because she had apparently been unaware of them. She continued this way and on the twelfth I noted it, saying she still couldn't seem to get enough sleep, that she was lying down during the day and dozing off, but that at night, when my tooth-gnashing roused her, she couldn't fall asleep again. Two nights earlier, when her more gentle efforts to rouse me, failed, she awakened me violently and the tooth-gnashing continued for a brief interval into my conscious period and I again heard it. Then the previous night I was awake when she got out of bed to take medicine for her head, but I pretended to be asleep so she wouldn't fret about awakening me. She was still asleep at 9 a.m. when the ringing phone awakened her. In discussing my tooth-gnashing during the night she said it had been so loud she "thought the top of my head was coming off". I noted being able to clearly feel the results of this tooth-gnashing on the edges of my teeth, especially the front ones and the left lower canine. I also noted a continuation of my getting insufficient sleep.

We saw Dr. T.R.Huxtable, the psychiatrist who has replaced Dr. Casey, November 20, 1964. Our conference with Dr. Casey earlier this year resulted in his repeating what he had told me, that it was "normal" to react to the kind of situation in which we lived. He had put us both on full-time meprobamate and told us we had to move as soon as it was possible, and a minimum of several miles, that moving where we could see this place would not be satisfactory. Dr. Huxtable also told us to continue the meprobamate. He also told us no real appraisal of the damage done us could be made until after our situation changed.

Lil had been having sleeping trouble. The day before seeing Dr. Huxtable

she admitted what I had previously observed, that Dr. Casey's strong recommendation (similar to what Dr. Ruckstuhl had said) that we get away as much as possible, was good advice, and that while we were away she felt better. However, on her return, her headaches and other troubles returned. The night of the 19th. she got me up at 5 a.m. to get something for her headache. The day before her headache had been more severe. This is included in the same note.

Dr. Huxtable also asked me to give him an outline of the medical and similar problems that seemed connected with the tensions caused by the sonic booms and helicopters.

On the 25th I made an additional note on our sleeping problems, saying that recently Lil has had trouble not sleeping and remains tired, having retired the previous night at 9:30 while I had worked until 11 p.m. I had awakened in 4 hours, without feeling groggy or sleepy, but remained in bed a couple of hours longer. Lil remained in bed until 9 a.m., but I was out in what has become a good night for me, six hours. Her fatigue cannot be connected with any physical work, for she does none and devotes little time to our quarters. I also noted she now has fears she never had before, such as locking the door in my absence. I also noted that from time to time my heart still races and pounds for no reason connected with exertion, and that small and unimportant things that have the same effect also excite me when I dont believe they should.

I also noted that for some time when I awaken Lil in the morning, which I usually do with a kiss on the cheek and a glass of her tea, she is very startled and shows a high degree of alarm or fright. Sometimes I need only go near her and the same thing happens before I touch her. She jumps, her entire body moving and her head coming off the pillow. Her eyes are wild and wide open, and she draws a breath so sharp that the "huh" is clearly audible.

sometimes loud. She is also uneasy about things that never bothered her before. It is time for my tetanus booster and I have been encouraging her to take this course of immunization. She has been afraid of a reaction. I discussed this with Dr. Alpher, who was going to leave instructions for reduced doses for her, with extra shots to compensate, and a different vaccine for me because of the reaction I had last time.

We got these shots Friday, November 27. Dr. Alpher left word that if we reacted to call him. Lil didn't, but by nightfall I knew I had for my arm was itching and swollen. When I got in bed I could feel the size of the lump, almost the width of the four fingers of my left hand, and raised up quite a bit. It was also quite hot, and Lil said there was a red spot in the middle the size of a silver dollar. This morning (11/28) it is the same way and itches even more. I phoned Dr. Alpher and the nurse in Dermatology who answered the phone told me to take benadryl, and to phone Dr. Alpher Monday. Also this morning, shortly after I got up without feeling tired, I suddenly could not keep my eyes open. After eight I fell asleep for a half hour sitting up, and I have had no difficulty keeping my eyes open since. Last night I had the same uneasy feeling around the heart, which I am inclined inclining to attribute to an apprehension I might have felt about the reaction, although the same thing had happened to me last time and I know it gradually went away. I have also felt more tired than usual, and my knees dont seem to want to work properly, and have felt a little stiff and raw when I walked, and walking seemed a little awkward.

Also, I was unusually hungry. Unusual hunger is something that has recently plagued us both, and although I at least am eating more less we have both have put on weight, Lil quite a bit. I believe it is a combination of a lack of ~~phsics~~ physical activity, although I think my reduced food intake has been more than enough to compensate for this, and our almost compulsive eating. All

of a sudden, we suddenly feel that we must eat something. If I dont, I get the shakes.

In connection with my reaction to the tetanus shots, which never happened before, and I had them both in the Army and out, I want to note what is not included in my notes. Sometimes after these stresses began I was suddenly quite sensitive to bee or wasp stings. I had never been before and usually paid scant attention to them. I can recall that when a hornet's nest unloaded on me one summer ~~we~~ evening, I regarded it as no worse than mosquito bites, finished my work and lost no sleep over it. Yet one time in 1959 or later, the exact date will be of record at GHA, following a sting on my left hand I swelled considerably and the local doctor had me rush to his office and gave me a shot and medicine and told me to consult GHA. This resulted in Dr. Alpher's decision to innoculate me against bees, wasps, hornets and yellow-jackets because I was uncertain which had stung me, although I thought it had been a wasp. The series of shots, a hundred or more, seemingly accomplished their purpose, for I have since been stung several times without adverse reaction. This and my reaction to the tetanus shots both developed after the tensions were formidable, and I have no way of knowing whether or not there is a connection, although the coincidence is clear.

We have both become conditioned to sound, I believe Lil much more so than I, and she insists that in the future she must have one room that is completely soundproof. During the period when we had so many sonic booms, her reactions to them all were severe and sometimes startling to me. I have no doubt that when she said she felt the pressure from them she did, even when I didn't. During this period, whenever she heard a jet she'd go out and look for its contrails, even though I explained if she heard the jet it was too late to hear a sonic boom and there'd be none. Just a few minutes ago, when she and her mother were sitting and talking, there was a weak sound like an explosion in b

She knew the people who rent our buildings were cleaning up, and I just presumed they dropped something. But Lil immediately jumped up and ran to the window calling out "What was that?" Yet it had been really quite a weak sound.

There are without doubt other things I haven't listed, although this may seem to be exhaustive, for I haven't gone thesen through the other files which will contain similar information, especially on the kind of reaction Lil sustained immediately upon the helicopter overflight, sometimes with a description of how she looked and what she said and what followed. Several times she has wept in frustration. She has rarely in all her life wept.

I dont think it is possible for me to summarize the forggoing section of what the helicopter and sonic booms have done to our health and our lives. I believe were I to employ the descriptive words that come to my mind I'd not be believed or would be considered to be exaggerating. Besides that, I just dont think it is possible for people who have not lived with these kinds of fears and apprehensions, the causes of which they had no control over and the inevitability of which had become fixed and certain (more so when the Defense Department promised to stop it and couldn't or didn't), to fully appppreciate its Sword of Damocles character. I can't speak for Lil, for I have avoided discussing this with her, but I know now these things tore me up indescribably when I learned any single helicopter overflight could precipitate her irrevocable blindness. And I could do nothing about it and the Defense Department, despite my many efforts to impress the seriousness of it on them, never did - until after they had accomplished our complete ruin, which in a sense makes it much worse when we think about it. And how can we help thinking about it? We are both prematurely old, physically and emotionally. Our lives have been worse than emptied. Looking ahead there is nothing good or pleasant we can see. We are both too old to be readily employable, despite the skill we have had and displayed in various lines. And we are both exhausted, physically and emotionally. Looking backward, they

Government converted what should have been happy, fruitful years for us both into a living hell and a monumental frustration. Each time we saw what was happening to the other, each time we realized the fruitlessness of our lives, our hard work and our sacrifices, each time we saw and heard our chickens, each time there was a helicopter or a sonic boom, or when we just feared a helicopter, and on the hundred of other different kinds of occasions that the mind shuns recalling, we had a fresh living hell to add to the endless succession of them into which our lives had been converted. Each time we were praised or as sometimes happened, lionized for our accomplishments and the honors we had won in poultry, what should have been like nectar was bitter gall. There is no aspect of our lives that wasn't ruined and there are few things that happen that dont recall this.

These things that had been ours and should have continued to have been, those things that make up a happy married life, have been torn away and I dont suppose they can be returned. The past eight years of suffering certainly are beyond any return and there seems to be nothing that can erase them or their unhappy residue.

The only question in my mind is how true will the same things be of what future we may have, how much less future can or will we have?